

THE
Highlanders Salivated,
OR THE
LOYAL ASSOCIATION
OF
M-ll K-g's Midnight Club.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE
Highlanders' Association

OF THE
LOYAL ASSOCIATION

M-A-K-
Night Club



(Price One Shilling)

THE
Highlanders Salivated, *K*
OR THE
LOYAL ASSOCIATION
OF
M—ll K—g's Midnight Club :

WITH
The serious Address of the Ladies of *Drury*,
to the batter'd strolling Nymphs of their
Community.

CONTAINING
A solemn Advice to Demi-Rapes, and Kept
Women :

To which is prefixed,
The Speech of Miss *Sukey Stichwell*, Chair-
woman of the said Club, on the Melan-
choly Situation of Affairs.

L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Paternoster-*
Row, 1746,

THE
 Highlanders' Club
 OF THE
 Loyal Association
 OF
 M-W-K- & Midnight Club

WITH
 The Ladies Addressed to the Ladies of Devon
 in the presence of their
 Committee



C O M M I T T E E
 A solemn Address to Dancers, and Men
 Women:

To which is added
 The Speech of Miss Mary Stoddard, Clerk
 of the M-W-K- Club, on the Motion
 of the M-W-K- Club.

L O W D O N :

Printed for M. Cooper, in Paternoster
 Row, 1795.



THE
S P E E C H
OF
SUKEY STICHWELL,

*Chair woman of M--ll K--g's Midnight
Club, to the rest of her Sisterhood, upon
the present Posture of Affairs.*

I NEED not tell you, dear Sisters,
what a Spirit of Patriotism displays itself
every where ; you have all been Eye-wit-
nesses of it, as well as I ; you now plainly see,
that his Majesty's Subjects are no longer in-
fluenced by different Views, nor misguided
by wild Opinions ; but all pursue the

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same

same great end of defending their Liberties, and Religion, against the Attempts of this Popish Pretender, and his *Highlanders*: We all saw the other Day, what a glorious Figure our *Train-Bands* cut, where the Journeyman *Taylor*, the *Mercer*, and the *Merchant's Clerk*, all walk'd promiscuously, and look'd as smart as so many *Flanders* Heroes. And so much has this Spirit of Liberty improved the natural Courage of our *Loyal* Citizens; that I have seen some of them, of late, even venture to draw the *Tricker* of a *Gun*, that formerly would have miscarried at the *Crack* of a *Squib*, or perhaps taken Sanctuary under the Shade of a *Petticoat*, had it been near; but now I persuade myself, they are capable of undertaking as Gallant Enterprizes, as some of your fine *Pig-tail'd* Warriours, that are lately returned, from attacking the *French* Lines at *Fontenoy*, to storm our lofty Retreats, in the Garrets of *Drury*, and *Covent-Garden*, with greater Fury.

SINCE this is the State of Affairs, my Dear Sisters, and *Popery* and *Slavery* are rushing upon us like a Torrent, let us with the
rest

rest of our Fellow-Subjects, use our utmost Endeavours towards stemming the Tide. Let us lay hold of this Opportunity, to give a Public Testimony of our Duty and Affection to that happy Constitution, under which we enjoy so large a share of Liberty. It is we alone that can be said to enjoy true Liberty, my dear Friends, while others are only amus'd with the Shadow of it: Are we not allow'd to pox the whole *English* Nation, from the *Star and Garter*, down to the broad *Buff-Belt* and *Canvas* Apron? Have we not Liberty to dive into the Fobs of *Young Heirs*, and draw from them these immense Sums, we daily lay out on Guzzle, and Gin? Are we not permitted, to carry off in Triumph, the sparkling *Beau*, as he walks along, without being challeng'd either by Beadle or Bailliff, or even so much as censur'd, except by the jealous Sempstrefs, or the Mercer's Wife in the adjoining Shop? And lastly, are we not protected in these inestimable privileges, by the Benignity of the Government without contributing one Farthing towards its Support? we are not tax'd; we pay nothing to the Public: No, but like *Courtiers*——live upon the Spoils of it. How great then is

this Lenity, and how happy our Condition at London, compared to that of our Sisterhood at Rome, where Popish, and Antichristian Tyranny prevails. They are there tax'd to the last Farthing, so that the poor Devils can hardly afford to hire a better Lodging to entertain their Admirers in, than *Moll Sprigums* Cobweb-Garret, which, God knows, is but a sorry Habitation. Here you may observe, my dear Sisters, on the one Hand the Blessings we enjoy, and on the other, the Miseries that threaten us, if a speedy Stop is not put to the Progress of this audacious Pretender: 'Tis true indeed he has published a Manifesto, wherein he gives out, that he has no Design upon our Religion or Liberty; but you all know too well 'tis a Maxim among the *Papists*, that no faith is to be kept with *Hereticks*, and this is only intended to lull us asleep, till it is out of our Power to mend ourselves. But what need I urge any further Arguments, to convince you of the Certainty of our Danger; cast but your Eyes on that charming News-Paper, the *General Advertiser*, and as often as you see the word *Pretender*, you'll find its worthy yoke Fellows, *Popery*, and *Slavery* follow close at its Heels.

That

That ingenuous Author reasons well ; for a Connexion in Names always implies a Connexion in Things. This is an Evidence that would satisfy a Justice, to send one half of *Drury* to *Bridewell*: Thus far I thought it my duty to set the Matter before you all, in its true light ; but what Influence, the daring insolent attempts of this *Pretender*, may have upon the thoughtless giddy part of our Society, I know not ; but the bare Apprehension of *Poper*y, almost frightens me into Fits : That damn'd Religion, that enjoins perpetual Virginity to Women strikes at the very Root of our Happiness, and ought to beget, in the Breast of every *English* Woman, that knows the Sweetness of Liberty, a just Abhorrence of all its Abettors, and excite them to use their utmost Efforts, to defeat the infernal Schemes of these Miscreants, which tend to nothing less than bringing our Species, to a sudden Period.

How I tremble at the dismal Thoughts of being caress'd in a Corner, by a dirty *Capuchin*, with a long sweeping Beard, like old *Aaron*'s down to the Hem of his Garment, instead of one of our fine smug-fac'd
Parsons,

Parsons, whose Breath is sweeter then Zephyrs Breeze ; and the worst on't is, the Devil a Farthing for our Pains, but a Pardon for the Crime. But alas, that will never pay *M--ll K--g* for a Bowl of Nègus : Methinks already, I see my self at the Feet of one of these venerable Sages, with a huge Roll of Beads, recounting to him, how often I have ply'd at the Corner of *Southampton-Street*, how often I trip'd it along the *Strand*, from *Temple-Bar*, to *Charing-Cross*, and with a leering Eye, peep'd into the Country Squire's Face, and drew him after me into the mazy Windings of *Drury*, till I found an opportunity of fingering his ready Cash, and then made off : And how often I seduced the stroling Apprentice, and drunken Sailor, till some of my Comerades examin'd the Contents of their Pockets, with innumerable other Tricks, too tedious here to relate. Are not ye struck with horror, dear Sisters, at the thoughts of being drag'd before an Altar, with a huge Crucifix at top, by one of these crafty Dervises, like the Prophet in *Oedipus*, that will play you as many Necromantick and Merry-Andrew Tricks, as would frighten one out of her Senses, and then carried off to

Confession

Confession, where you'll be pump'd of all your Secrets, or threatened with Damnation? There you must lay open to one of these Worthies, how often you ogled the Gentlemen of the *Laced Waistcoat*, from the Front of the Gallery; how often you put on the demure Look, and counterfeited the *Prude*, to make your Lover lug out the other Half Guinea, or screw him up to the other Bowl of *Negus*, and then a hearty flogging must be prescrib'd for every Trespass.

They'll tell you, that the *Bible* is the Rule of your Actions, and yet so malicious they are, as to deny you the Liberty of reading it: But in short they are so great Enemies to all Parts of Knowledge, that they would even deny us the *Knowledge* of Mankind, which is universally allow'd to be the most useful of any, and I appeal to you all, if it is not the most pleasant: Nay, don't laugh *my Girls*, the Matter is too serious. You perhaps look upon it, as somewhat ridiculous,

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that

that I should take notice of your being forbid to read the Bible, because you have hitherto avoided it as carefully, as if the Prohibition had already existed. But tho' at present you find no Disposition that way, yet I persuade my self, was such an Order issued out, you'd have a violent Inclination to disobey it; Nature loves Liberty, and hates Restraint: And indeed it would be an intolerable Hardship on us, who have triumphantly broke thro' the whole *Ten Commands*, to be fetter'd by the *Eleventh*, and that imposed on us, by a pack of rascally Priests: Besides that Book has its Uses, and is very convenient to be carried in one's Pocket, when one goes to visit an old bigotted Aunt or Grandmother; not to mention that it makes a pretty Ornament on one's Chimney-piece, when neatly gilded.

I hope you'll find it no Jest however, to have your Feet stripp'd of these fine Laced Shoes, and loaded with two huge Blocks of Wood in their place, that would be more proper for
the

the Heads of our *Militia*, and *Associators*, to defend them against the Insults of *Highland* Broad-Swords. And then, O Miserable ! we must apply to the Carpenter to be shod, instead of the Shoemaker, and thump it along, like so many Country-Bumpkins, from *Cumberland*.

But let us look about us, ere it be too late, and secure ourselves against all these threatening Dangers : The Enemy is now in full March toward us ; they have given our glorious Hero *W-de* the slip, and instead of meeting him like Men, have taken another Rout, like Cowardly Vagabonds, lest they should have felt the Force of his victorious Arm, as the *French* did t'other Campaign in *Flanders*. Since then they have routed one of our Generals, and *out-witted* the other ; methinks 'tis the most favourable Juncture, for us to appear and show the World what *Woman* can do, against these *Highland* Rebels. And I am humbly of Opinion, if we conduct our Matters right, we may effect something that may tend to our immortal Honour : For I

persuade myself, that was there a Body of us, to the Number of twelve, or fourteen Hundred draughted from *Drury-Lane*, and *Covent-Garden*, and transported to *Lancashire* in Waggon, or any other Voiture, that the Public shall think proper to order, they would by a few Days Intercourse with these Sons of Rebellion, shed such an influence on them, as was never known in *Lochaber*, or *Badenoch*, and would as effectually kill them, as the Murrain that rages at present, kills our Cattle : This is a Scheme more glorious, and more for the Public Good, than ever was invented by the most refin'd of our Politicians, as it would utterly destroy the Enemy, without endangering his Majesty's Troops, or even hazarding the Life of a Subject ; and if I'm so unlucky, as not to be among the Number of the *Elect*, I protest I'll go a *Volunteer*, and fight the Dogs, in the way that my Sex for ever comes off victorious. In the mean time, let us appoint a full Meeting of the principal Persons of our Community, and let no *Bunters* appear amongst us ; it will be time enough for them to make application, when we have digested our Scheme, appointed a Place of Meeting,

Meeting, agreed on Articles of Association, laid down our Proposals, and open'd a Book of Subscription, in common Form.

And how great Reason we have to exert ourselves vigorously, in putting a sudden and happy End to this unnatural Rebellion, you'll easily comprehend on many accounts; for whilst others complain of the Deadness of Trade, we may say ours is totally extinguish'd. The Gentlemen of the *Cockade*, upon whose Generosity our daily Bread depends, are now dispersed thro' all the Corners of *Great-Britain*; which is one great Branch of our Commerce lopp'd off. The *Clergy* too, from whose Reverend Hands, we annually drew considerable Sums, are now retired into their Closets, to *pamphleteer* it against the *Pope* and the *Devil*, so that little can be expected from that Quarter; besides the frequent Musters, and Marches of our Train-bands, opens another Scene for carrying on an illicit Trade, to the great Detriment of our Affairs; for whilst the honest Merchant exercises his *Musquet* in the Field, his amorous *Spouse* coquets it away with the lusty Apprentice at Home, who in his turn, *exercises* Madam:

So that we who deal in the Public way, are immense Sufferers, and have the Mortification to see our Trade intirely ruined, by the private Practices of these *Smugglers*.

There is yet a more pernicious kind of contraband Trade, carried on by those who stile themselves the *MOLLIES*: These are a Race of Animals, that almost surpass Description, tho' they resemble us both in Nature and Actions, and differ only in *Sex*: They ogle, they paint, they simper like us; and in short affect all our *Airs*, and even sometimes wear our Dress: Nay, and in the very same manner ply about *St. James's Park*, and other public Places; and it is to be regretted, that though Counterfeits, they have frequently better Success than ourselves, and have raised themselves from the Dunghill to Courts, Camps and Commands; witness *L—d B—*, *S—r J—*, *C—*, *Dr. Th—*, and *M—*, *F—*, and *G—*, and all the squeaking Hermaphrodite Tribe, at the *H—y—M—rk—t.*

Wherefore, dear Sisters, let us with all our Might, oppose this Popish Pretender, that has already been the Origin of so many Woes to us,

us, and which are but a Prelude to those we must suffer, under his tyrannical Government; and 'tis hoped a Design so laudable in itself, and influenced by such just, and reasonable Motives, can never fail of being *crown'd with Success.*

It is almost needless for me to talk of raising a Contribution among us, to be given to the poor Soldiers, to encourage them to do their Duty. The narrowness of our Circumstances occasioned by the Deadness of Trade, won't permit us to show our Zeal, in any great degree, that way; yet methinks as the *City*, out of their superabundant Generosity, have furnished them with *Mittens* for their Hands, and the Spirit has mov'd the *Quakers* to send them *flannel Vests* for their Bodies. We might, for the preservation of a part, no less exposed; send them five Thousand *C——nd——ms*; this is by far the most valuable Present, for the others only preserve them from *Cold*, but this from *Putrifaction*. You'll perhaps think this Number too small,
but

but let the *Cl*—*y*, whose *B*—*f*—*es*
 are at stake, and have hitherto, contributed
 nothing, furnish the rest: 'Tis reasonable, e-
 very one shou'd bear a part. However I hope
 if our Project succeeds, we shall make easy
 work for the *Soldiers*.



THE

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(17)
trial Right and Privilege of keeping open
House and hospitably entertaining strangers
and other delighted Persons and of making
upon the Throne a Poole's Pictorial, a De-
pendant and a Slave to at most tyranni-
cal and persecuting Courts, they may de-
rive us of the free Use and natural Right
us in Universities, Colleges and other Po-
litical Persons; and that by subjecting us to
Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, they may ren-
der us a Pope of Rome.

THE
LOYAL ASSOCIATION,
OF THE
Amazon Society.

At MOLL KING'S *Coffee-House.*



HEREAS now a most horrid
and unnatural Rebellion, is formed
and carried on in *Scotland*, by *Pa-*
pists, and other wicked and traiterous
Persons, supported and countenanced by
the old and inveterate Enemies of our
peaceful Community, the Tools and Emissa-
ries of the Court of *Rome*; in order to
dethrone his present Majesty King *George*,
the only rightful and lawful Sovereign of these
Realms; thereby to deprive us of the imme-

rial Right and Privilege of keeping open House and hospitably entertaining Strangers, and other benighted Persons, and of making our usual nocturnal Excursions through the Streets of this great Metropolis. That by setting upon the Throne a Popish *Pretender*, a Dependant and a Slave to that most tyrannical and persecuting Court, they may deprive us of the free Use and natural Right we have over our own Persons, by confining us in *Nunneries*, *Convents* and other *Popish* Prisons; and that by subjecting us to Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, they may render us Slaves to Priests and Vassals to the *Pope of Rome*.

We the *Ladies of Pleasure*, *Women of the Town*, *Nightwalkers*, *Strollers*, *Bunters*, and other loyal Members of the *Amazon Society* at *King's Coffee-House*, *Covent-Garden* assembled, moved with the justest Indignation against the bold Invaders of the precious Liberty we enjoy, and which we are sensible, under God, can only be preserved to us inviolate by the Protestant Succession in these Kingdoms; and animated with the noble Example of so many worthy Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, Merchants and
Mechanicks,

Mechanicks, who have taken up Arms against *Popery* and Arbitrary Power; do think it our indispenfible Duty in this Time of Danger, to *associate, promise and engage*; as we do hereby voluntarily associate ourselves, and do promise and engage to his Majesty, and to one another, that we will to the utmost of our Power, stand by and assist each other, to oppose, defeat and subdue the Popish *Pretender* to the Crown of these Kingdoms, with all his imported Priests, *Nun-making* and *Convent-building* Abettors; and that thus united in all our Strength, we will stand up as one *Woman*, for the Defence of his Majesty's sacred Person, for the Support of the Protestant Succession in his Royal House, and for the Preservation of our Liberty and Property, against all secret Conspiracies and open Violence whatsoever.

And we solemnly vow and declare, that, utterly to discountenance and discourage all seditious and suspected Persons, and all the other Friends and Well-wishers of the *Pretender*, that shameful Tool of *Rome*, within this City, we will in no way converse, or hold Communication with any of them, in

Tavern or in Bagnio, in Chocolate-house or in Play-house, in Coach or in Chair: That, abjuring and abominating from the bottom of our Hearts, the pernicious and unnatural Doctrines of *Papery*, we will neither publicly nor privately, in Street, Lane or Alley, pick up any of its base Adherents, nor will we be picked up by them any manner of way whatever: But like free-born *English Women* will maintain the Independency of our Profession against all Invaders, and with a noble Resentment spurn *long Beards, shaven Crowns* and *hooded Friars*.

But we do hereby promise and declare, like faithful and loyal Subjects, that our Persons with all their Appurtenances, our utmost Capacities and Abilities, shall be always at the Service of his Majesty, and of all good Subjects, who continue in their Allegiance, upon an Hour's Warning, by Night or by Day, Abroad or in our Chambers, and that they may make use of the same as long as they please, and in what manner seems most convenient without Limitation of Time or Place.

Finally we declare, that we will on no Account whatever, recede or depart from this

this present *Association*, and *Proposals* hereto subjoined, or fail in the smallest Article of what we hereby engage; but will persevere in the same to the last Drop of our Blood, by endeavouring as much as in us lies, to convey the valuable Freedom we enjoy without Infringement, to our future Sisters, and to propagate the Privileges of our Profession to latest Posterity: That our Enemies flushed with a transient Success, and elated with the deceitful hopes of Succours from the Allies of *Rome*, may read in our determinate Resolution the Weakness of their Pretensions; and learn, tho' too late, that the Principles they would introduce, are not only hated by God, abjured by wise Men, but detested by *Whores*.





PROPOSALS.

I. **T**HAT the Mistresses, Ushers, and Assistants of Female Academies, nocturnal Seminaries, and Schools of Pleasure within this great City and Suburbs thereof, make out authentick Lists subscribed with their Hands, of all the Scholars and Students that are Educated by them, or that are under their Government, and transmit the same to our Association-Chamber, at King's Coffee-House, Covent-Garden, addressed to Mrs. President of the Amazon Society.

II. That, as the *Lucubrations* of these Students have always been directed to the Service of the Public, 'tis hoped they will conspire with the good Intentions of their Mistresses for the Good of their Country, and chearfully comply with any Summons to appear before us, made to them by our Officers,

Officers, or by our Authority, agreeable to the above-mentioned Lists.

III. That the *Scholars*, who shall by virtue of the above Summons appear at our Bar with Qualifications proper for the ends we propose, do set out from this City on a certain Expedition, where it is judged, by the Society they may be of greater Use than here, and where they may have an excellent Opportunity of exercising, *at large*, these valuable Sciences they have hitherto practised only in their *Closets*.

IV. That, as a Preliminary, every *Candidate* shall at least have formerly undergone a triple Purification by *Quick-silver*, and refined and subtilized her Wit, with the volatile Particles of *Mercury*.

V. That this and other necessary Accomplishments be left, to the sole Determination of the very Eminent Dr. *Labarr*, and a *triumvirate* of the most experienced Ladies of our Society, chosen expressly for that effect ; and that none but those they shall declare proper for that Expedition, shall enter upon the same.

VI.

VI. That to this end, a Petition be given in for obtaining a certain Number of Wag-gons, with a proper Escort, to render the Journey of the above Adventurers more speedy and agreeable.

VII. That his *Worship* the Chancellor of the Academies be addressed, to see the above *Adepts* carefully seated in their respective Voitures : He being the Person in the World that best understands their Temper and Inclination, a great Number of them having formerly past their *Examinations* before him.

VIII. That if these *Academicians*, who have been regularly bred up under the best Mistresses, and practised in the most engaging Methods of Address, do, upon their Arrival at the *Pretender's* Camp, where they are to be set down, insinuate themselves into the Graces of his *Highlanders*, they will, as a great many Gentlemen here can testify, totally disable them from either firing a Gun or weilding a Broad-sword, and then, we hope, a bloodless Victory may be obtained over them by his Majesty's Forces.

Provided

Provided always, that, when the present unnatural Rebellion shall be brought to a happy Issue, which 'tis hoped by our Assistance may be speedily accomplish'd, the generous *Adventurers* for the glorious *Prize* of Liberty, be reconducted to *London*, and like other Conquerors after a successful Campaign, pass triumphant thro' the Huzza's of a numerous Multitude, with Banners display'd and adorn'd with the swinging Figure of a PRIAPUS, the proper Ensign of our Community; for we can't expect they should have the Favour of *Knighthood*, or the Honour of *Stars* and *Garters* conferr'd on them; these being the chief Ornaments that distinguish the Heroes of the other Sex, and set them above the Vulgar.

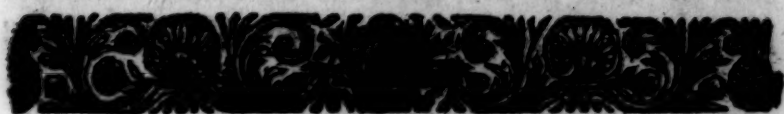
That suitable Pensions be settled on the principal Commanders of the Expedition, whereby they may be enabled to spend the Remainder of their Days in Luxury and Ease, like Officers, whose Services are no further useful to the State: And that these Nurseries of Wickedness the Popish Chapels (excepting those of Ambassadors) be converted into Hospitals or *Chelsea's*, for the Accomoda-

tion of such as are disabled or whose Charms are so far decay'd as intirely to unqualify them for their former Employment.

That moreover all who have occasion to make mention of us, shall, in token of Gratitude for our Service to the Publick, avoid, both in Conversation and Writing, every Expression or Term that conveys an ungenteel Idea of our Sisterhood; but that in Imitation of the *French* they call us *Filles de Joie*, that is MERRY GIRLS, instead of Whore, Bunter, &c. &c. &c.



And the Author of the *Art of Writing*, for the Accomodation



A
SERIOUS ADDRESS
FROM THE

Ladies of Drury

TO

All the battered Strolling *Nymphs*
of their Community, in and about
London : With a Solemn Advice
to the *Demi-Rapes* and kept
Women.

HOW long will ye be unmov'd, dear
Sisters, with the present Troubles that
distract the Kingdom ? How long will ye
remain the unconcerned Spectators of a Scene,
which if view'd with Attention would strike
you with greater Terror, than the Presence
of an angry *Justice*, or a Doctor's Sentence

on an incurable *Clap* ? Know *Poper*y approaches, *Poper*y that makes all the Men Eunuchs ; and as for the Women, are they a whit better ? They'll do no Service in their Generation. We shall presently see a *Convent* at *Temple-bar*, and a *Crucifix* at *Charing-Cross* ; and poor we must inhabit the one, as we must kneel at the other. No more Gallants, no more sweet Wandering in the *Strand*. O Lord ! We shall be confin'd in *Nunneries*, and imprison'd by Iron Grates, that one can't so much as reach a Pinch of Snuff through ; much less something else we all like better. Arise ye Inhabitants of *Drury*, descend from your Garrets, and unite your joint Strength against persecuting, imprisoning and castrating *Poper*y. We are a numerous Sisterhood when conven'd. The City Militia would make a less pretty Figure. Our Religion, our all is at Stake. As Protestants we enjoy Liberty and Property ; as Papists we lose both : As Protestants we have six Days in the Week to earn our Bread, and *Sunday* even to the bargain ; but as Papists we shall have so many Saints Days, so many of Fasting and Penitence, that egad if a Girl don't play the Rogue, she'll hardly
make

make a Living out of the Remainder : As Protestants we live merrily without Thoughts of To-morrow ; but the Papiſts thunder *Purgatory* in your Ears : In ſine as Proteſtants your Souls will be ſaved, and for your Perſons, the gallant Officers have them ; but by Popery you certainly give your Souls to the Devil and your Bodies to Priests,

Don't ye ſee how unanimous the Men are ? Han't they rais'd Companies and ſubſcrib'd for Regiments ? Don't they roar as if the *Pope's Bulls* bellow'd from the Pulpit ? But poor Simpletons, you don't know what theſe are ; for our Parts, who are better inſtructed, we wou'd rather ſee a Warrant from *Sir Thomas* with a *Mittimus* to *Bridewell*. In a word *England* is a great *Camp*, *London* the *Head-quarters*, and the Men — they are all *Soldiers* ; ſhall we then, who have ſerved Campaigns in *Flanders*, who have trudged with a pretty Fellow to the very heart of *Germany*, deſert our Countrymen in this Expedition ? We who have the greateſt Intereſt to riſk ; the very original Law of Nature, the Freedom of the King's Highway, of the open Streets. For pray how can the Men ſuffer ?
Why

Why some may lose places. But we shall be banish'd from every Place, yes every place, dear Sisters, but the four Corners of a *Convent*. Is not that enough to make us run distracted, to inflame *Covent-Garden*, and kindle a greater fire, in *Drury-Lane* than what, alas ! Consumes too many of us at *St. Thomas's* ?

Every one says Trade is decay'd, but has any more Reason to complain than we ? The finest young Creatures of our Profession are at the point of starving ; many are forced to toil at a Piece of Work, like Sempstresses, for Subsistence. Some turn Milliners, while, O miserable ! others throw themselves on Matrimony and confine themselves to the Arms of a Husband thro' Necessity. We are put to meaner shifts than the Beggars. 'Tis in vain we invent new forms of Address, and cry "*Sweet Scented Sir, " "Dear good natured Sir, " "O soft kind Sir ;* People pass on ; our Paint is less regarded than their counterfeit Issues. *I have no Farthings,* says the one ; *Excuse me, I can't Drink,* says the other. What shall we do ? Besides People are in such a Flutter, such a Pother, such gaping
and

and such staring for News; that unless News-Papers, Devil a thing else they mind. They are all in a *Pannick*, the Condition in the World least fit for us. Our very good Customers too, the Officers have left us: They are gone, poor Fellows, to encounter hideous Broad-swords and *Lochabar* Axes. Our Grief is mutual, that's one Comfort. They certainly thought on us that sad Morning at *Preston*, and could have taken refuge below our *Hoops* had we been there to have shelter'd them. Would to God we had been on the Spot to have rendered them that Service! But the Gentlemen are our Friends still, and mayn't we easily pardon the rest? Yes surely, let them show their *Backs* to all the World, while they turn their *Faces* to us.

O ye *Midnight Walkers*, ye *Trippers* by *Moon-light*, your Courses are at an end. No more shall ye pick up the Prig that's lock'd out of his Lodgings, and carry him to your own. No more shall ye dive into the Fob of the sleeping Rake, nor slip off the Ring of the enamour'd and intoxicated Beau. You must bid an eternal Farewel to all those Pleasures. A Popish Pretender by French interest will impose

impose far greater, ay, a Thousand greater
Grivances, than the *Malady* that Nation made
you a present of. For there's Dr. R—k, Dr.
W—st, Dr. D—n, Dr. R—ff—l and Dr. —
and D— and Dr. — and a Thousand other
worthy Gentlemen, that will set you right
for a trifle; but the other can only be cured
by Death, the Remedy for all Miseries.

Reflect ye *kept Mistresses*, how you must
disclose the sweet Trespasses you so carefully
conceal. You are our half Sisters, we cannot
but feel a concern for you. You may hide a
Gallant from the Eyes of the World, nay
from the more piercing ones of a jealous Keeper,
but never from those of a *Confessor*. Dam-
nation is your doom if you suppress the smal-
lest Article. Then a barking Dog must
have a bone, The Father won't hold his
Peace for nothing. You must submit, you
must truckle to a greasy *Friar*. If not, in
Conscience, you have a ticklish point to ma-
nage; a Churchman is the very Devil when
provoked. Down falls your Tea-table, your
Liveries vanish, your Plate is melted down by
Enchantment: 'Tis well if you escape with
a Rag on your back, and a Shilling to carry
you to the next *Bawdy-house*. Is there a
Woman

Woman so bold after this, as not to tremble for her Equipage? Is it not plain, that at every Step the Pretender makes for *London*, her Coach goes the nigher to be over-turn'd?

Now ye *Prudes*, ye *virtuous Maids*, ye *Vestals* that intrench yourselves behind the silken Counterescarp of *Modesty*, may we be so bold to advertise you of the Danger ye are in? The first thing you love heartily is a Man, and we know 'tis the very last you forget. On this Agreement of our Characters do we found the following Address: 'Tis for the Men, we would have ye bestir yourselves, 'tis just ye should: don't they fight for you? They draw their Swords that ye mayn't be *Nuns*, and shou'd not ye use your endeavours that they mayn't be *Monks*? 'Tis the same thing, if ye are kept from them, or they from you, either is equally fatal; but both must be your Fate, if *Popery* succeeds. If you're handsome, you're beset with Priests: What a pity they'll say, such a fine Creatnre shou'd be expos'd to the Snares of the World, and the Temptations of Satan. No, it must be devoted to the Church; an old canting bead-counting Mother approves

of the Proposal: And thus you're a *Bonfire* to warm *Friars* at: Or perhaps a Rogue of an elder Brother, who has an eye to your Patrimony, makes a bargain with a Madam *Abbeſs*, and claps you in custody for Life, d'ye think in that Case, the Gallants will break thro' Grates, or venture their Necks for ye over a high Wall? Or were they so bold, durst they taste of the Fruit that's intended for a spiritual *Desert*? No truly, Sparks are not so fool hardy now-a-days: Won't it be delicious, think ye, to be buſ'd by a Mouth hardly viſible 'midst a bushy Thicket of a Beard, and instead of a spruce Officer, to be flabber'd by a *Monk*, in a Corner? But ye're familiariz'd with Priests, and have assum'd a Lay-Ecclesiastical Hood, by way of Anticipation, as the Clergy have a Lay-Military Habit: O such a World! Witness the *Capuchin* that dangles at your Neck. But now perhaps ye vapour and toſs your Airs, "shall we be advis'd by such Huffsies as these?" Must we, who know better things, receive precepts from *Drury-Lane*, that hideous Place? No! we abhor the Thought. Pray stop; where's the great Difference, pray, between you and us? Your're only afraid to ask
what

what you like best in this World, least it should be refused ye : But we ! —we can demand any thing, because we're never ashamed of a Repulse ; if one won't, another will, we always find a Mate at last ; frequently ye never find one. Show us the Woman among ye, that won'd resist a pretty handsome young Fellow a *Bed* ? No matter how ; no matter neither how he came there. Drop all these Preambles ; suppose only that he is actually there, and that you are actually there ; what follows ? Why, you're mighty kind, hugely loving : Can ye deny this in your very Thoughts ? And pray why do ye affect to disdain, and to scorn and to turn up your Nose, in another Circumstance ? Why you was not sure he'd come to, you was not sure he'd keep the Secret, you had a thousand Doubts : But when these are turn'd to certainty.— O in faith ! *we agree all, in the same thing*, Yet this is Modesty. 'Tis how and where you must be attack'd, for attack'd you must be, whether by Billet-doux, and Love-Letters, by Whining or by Verses ; The *Beau* batters, and *Miss* bears out, but she resolves to surrender the Castle at last, and contrary to all the Rules of War, wants to be roughly handled for her

Obstinacy. Hard Quarter, is good Quarter with her; so don't buz your Modesty in our Ears. We had it, ——— as all Women have once in their Life: We lost it! — As all Woman wish once in their Life: But we know nothing of your Punctilio's, of your Prologues, and what d'ye call'ems, 'tis the *Huffar* way with us, a flying Stroke and gone; our Motto is "*Charge always in Front,*"

Now who does not see that Popery strikes at the Root of Female Liberty? Woman-kind ought to associate against the present Rebellion; but above all, we who live by the Public, are more particularly engaged; besides we are in Conscience bound to it, as 'tis more in our Power. The *single* Women are nothing, nor can do any thing, till they are mann'd; and Lord what a poor thing is a *married* Woman! What is she but a Pensioner of her Husband? and is not the Butler the same? Nay and his *Wages* too are better generally than her *Pin-Money*. No Association can be expected on that side. The Good Man thinks 'tis sufficient, if he enters into one himself: The very utmost she can do,

do, is to club with some clever Fellow, for a pair of Horns to his Head. Thank God, 'tis different with us, we have a pretty extensive Influence. At a modest Computation we support half the City of London; for not to mention a thousand and a thousand Surgeons, how many Justices live by us? We maintain the whole Fraternity, from his Worship to the Ordinary of Newgate. If it was not for that, the Doctors might gnaw their *Glyster-bags*, and the Lawyers their *Parchments*; how many Bailiffs, Watchmen, Coachmen, Chairmen, Milliners, Brokers, Chocolate-Houses and Bagnio's, do we give business to? Besides how many Persons of Address have by our means, arrived at the highest Offices? Have not several steered thro' our Channel, to Stars and Garters? Let us *elevate* ourselves, dear Sisters, we might cut a very handsome figure if we wou'd; we live like the Jews in all Societies, and if we but knew, as well as they, to improve our lawful Profits, we might have Houses and Gardens like any of the *Inns of Court*; we might, if foolish enough to marry, have Lords and Marquisses for our Money: Oh! in Conscience, Girls, so we might amass a
little

little Treasure, not much inferior to the great one,— if a little more honestly managed. But we are a thoughtless giddy Tribe and never profit by these Advantages, yet what might we not do, considering our Numbers, and our Revenues? The *Merchant* that behind his Counter cheats, and starves a whole Week, on Sundays is he not lavish with us? The *Soldier* abandoning the *French*, points his Battery at us, and storms more successfully with Vollies of Ducats; does not the *Sailor* unload his Cargo at our Warehouse, and treat us with Fineries from Abroad? That done, away he cruizes in quest of more, that he again may make us Presents, and again be pox'd All Professions pay us a tribute, from the Beau, Shop-keeper, to the Reverend *Incumbent*: There's ne'er a Prize taken, but we have our Share, witness the Thousands we have already of the Duke, and Prince Frederick, Such are the Priveleges we enjoy, yet how careless are we of them? They associate, at *St. James's*, at *Spittlefields*, every where but at *Drury*; *Dissenters* and *Refugees* are all in a Flame; but we— are colder than an old Man at 70. For God-sake, Sisters, consider what occasion there's for it; our Men fled away, and the Pretender in *England*, Sir *John*
here

here can testify it. They were defeated, poor Fellows, as we all know; but that can't be remedied. Men have different Talents, as the Book of Dreams says, some are born under the Planet of *Mars*, some under that of *Venus*, but who can help their Destiny? When they are in *Conjunction*, then comes out a fighting, whoring Chevalier, that spares neither Man, or Woman. O that *English* Men could cope with him at the one, as *English* Women can at the other.

How glorious is it for the Amazons, to have form'd so great a Design? And how much will it redound to your honour, dear Sisters to copy, so shining an example? Nothing but Unanimity among the Sisterhood is requir'd, for other ways we are able enough to fulfill all our Engagements, and accomplish every Proposal we have made; how fine will it sound in History, that in the Year 1745, when the *Pretender*, the *Devil*, and the *Pope* landed in *Great-Britain*, the *Women of London* rose up, and made them scour with a Vengeance home again? It will be almost incredible; Posterity will scarcely believe that Women could have such Gallantry of Spirit:

We

We have made inquiry, but never found any thing come near it, 'tis true there was once a Mob among the Women of *Rome*; but what did they do for all their fufs? They gave in their Gold Watches, and Earrings to make Guineas of, to pay the Soldiers, and pawn'd some spare Jewels, that perhaps were out of Fashion, for Money to the Government. Is that to be compar'd with our Case? We are to be Soldiers ourselves, and like *Amazons*, fight for our own Liberty. We are to sacrifice the chief Jewel that we have, the Jewel of Jewels for the good of our Country. Ay, there will be a shining stroke, the *Jewel of Jewels*, for the *Service* of one's Country: Oh! that will gain us the Admiration of the whole World, and make us one day bear our Heads as high as *Countesses*: What Honour for us to coach it, instead of footing it in the Park? To have our Names registered in fine Histories, instead of Vestry-Books, and Newgate Folio's. O Lord! the Thought on't over-pours one; come then, dear Sisters, snatch the Honours Fortune tosses in your Lap: We'll make reprisals on these damn'd *Highlanders*, and if they salted our Men at *Preston-Pans*, by G—d we'll *Pickle* them on the *Mount of Venus*.

-Proposals

Proposals for the *Association*, may be sign'd
at the *Golden-Ball, Bow-Church-Yard, Cheap-*
side: At the *Green-Hatch, Holbourn*: At
Mr. G-l-s Toy-shop, *Essex-Street*, in the
Strand: And at the *Club-Room, K-g's Coffee-*
House, in *Covent-Garden*.

N. B. *True Loyal Amazon Association*
Favours to be had only at Mr. B--rch-l's
Toy-shop, the Sign of the famous Anodyne
Necklace, for Childrens's Teeth, Fits, Fevers,
and Case of Knives, next Shop to D---y-
L---ne, in L---ng-Ac---e, of the same
individual Gold Silk Brocade, with the cele-
brated Miss Dorothy's Sack.

F I N I S.

Errat. P. 37, last Line leave out so. P. 8.
Line 21, for *horrow* read *horror*.

(22)

I hope, in German-Garden.
 Street And at the Old House, N.Y. City
 Mr. C. L. Taylor, N.Y. City, in the
 Ave. At the Green House, Holliston, Mass.
 at the Old Ball Room Church Lane, London.
 Tropical Garden, they may be seen.

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